

proprietary property

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by [buttholesupreme](#)

Summary

on your way to get laid, you accidentally end up getting laid on the way.

or:

you somehow get yourself stuck in a wall and uzui, rengoku, and sanemi get stuck in your holes.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Not really.

Not like this, at least.

And by this, you mean explicitly getting lodged in one of the strong gate walls of the compound.

It's a long story.

But, long story short, you were a little tipsy. Drinking several cups of sake had gotten a flush in your cheeks and warmth in your body. Tipsy you didn't exactly mean making a public embarrassment of yourself, but it did mean that you felt a little theatrical. Even to the point of moving to a private area to pretend you were in a play where you are both actors involved.

So you had hit the gate wall to do a kabedon pose, only for your upper body to fall right through what you had thought was a strong rock barrier.

After the initial knee-jerk shriek response from such a surprising thing to occur, you laughed a bit. Because, of course, something silly like this would happen to you. This is what you get for arm wrestling with the Love and Fire Hashiras – too strong in the upper body.

At least no one had been there to witness it, you thought to yourself as you adjusted your weight to the heels of your feet so you could pull yourself out.

So you could–

You grunt, bracing your weight by digging your heels into the ground to pull yourself out–

You start to panic. You can't embarrass yourself like this, one of the strongest and up-and-coming slayers in the ranks. Sure, you can't pull yourself out, but at least the weight on the upper portion of the gate isn't crushing your spine, you think to yourself. So at least you're comfortable as you lay halfway through, stomach down.

Inhaling deeply, you walk your feet as far up as you can and brace them against the wall you're stuck on before exerting all your strength to pop yourself out. Straining, you do your best, veins beginning to show up on your neck and forehead from the effort.

It's useless, you think, eyes starting to heat up from humiliation.

This is it. You're going to die here. They'll call Rengoku to incinerate you because they can't even get your corpse out. At least you'll be able to go straight into an ash urn without much ado. But then again, that means they'd be struggling to shovel up your ashes–

God, you think to yourself, half-laughing at your current predicament as tears run down your cheeks.

“Of course this would happen to me,” you laugh, bringing up a hand to wipe a tear from your cheek. “Whew, and that was just a few cups of sak—”

“Oi, what’s all this?” You hear behind you.

The blood in your veins still, fear and humiliation causing your shoulders to square. It had to be him. Of course, it had to be him. Inhaling, you hold your breath, trying to keep yourself as calm as possible.

“Hey. Staying still won’t hide the fact that your ass is basically on fuckin’ display out here,” he drawls out, voice clearly annoyed by the whole situation. Sure, you have always wanted to clock the white-haired no-eyebrow-having freak of nature, but he’s possibly your one-way ticket out of this.

“Shinazugawa-san,” you call out, voice exasperated. “Can you help me out? I got stuck in this hole.”

There’s a snort, followed by some silence. You curse quietly. If only it had been Misturi, this would be over in a jiffy. She would have giggled, tugged you out so quickly, and helped dust you off. But no, it had to be the Wing bag.

“Yeah, yeah,” he mutters, and you hear him step forward behind you. “I’m gonna put my hands on your hips, okay? S’I can yank you out.”

You feel two hands on your hips, only for them to move upwards to where your belt is for better purchase. Then you feel him tugging, your feet bracing to help, only for him to half-wheeze.

“What the fuck,” Sanemi says before trying again. “Fuck— what the fuck, how did you get stuck in this shit? How’d you even—” He pauses and huffs, hands on your waist instead and yanking as hard as he can.

You start to yell, the action beginning to cause a strain in your back and ribcage, to which he starts muttering his own curses. He lets go of your belt to grab onto your hips before tugging again, only to freeze up as you feel him press up against your ass and the backs of your thighs.

“Shinazug—”

“Shut up,” he grunts, trying to gain purchase on your hips as he tries to yank your body out from the wall.

“Shinazugawa!” You hear a familiar voice call out.

Usually, you’d feel absolutely relieved and happy to hear the Flame Hashira, but having him see you in this current state is absolutely appalling.

“What are you doing to this poor comrade of ours in public?” Rengoku calls out.

“I—”

Sanemi's groin and hands are gone from your body, and even though you can't see his face, you know he's embarrassed.

"I was just helping her!" Sanemi says in exasperation, gesturing to your wedged body. "She got stuck and—"

"--well, what a very flamboyant display," another voice adds in. You could yell from disappointment at the whole exchange that's occurring. "Very nice view, if I could say so myself, but what exactly are you doing, Shinazugawa-san?"

Of course, this would happen to you because you're just that unlucky, but of course, Shinazugawa shortly follows the other two loudest within the ranks.

"I'm stuck," you explain with a sigh.

A wheeze escapes you as you hear a soft flit— only for the massive bulk of a man to practically appear in front of you. You try to twist your body upwards a little so you can look at him, but you're prevented from doing so based on the thickness of the wall.

So instead, you're staring straight at his crotch.

Choking a wheeze, you immediately gaze at the former shinobi's feet.

"Well, well," he says, moving around you and inspecting where your upper body is lodged into the stone. "It looks like you've got yourself into quite a mighty predicament here, my friend. How did you even get into something like this?"

You grumble a response that leaves out the fact you were reenacting a scene from one of your favorite novels, but the gist is there. Smacked a hand against the wall and fell right through.

"Heh. Seems like you were trying to get into this position on purpose, weren't you? Naughty girl," Uzui snickers, manicured fingers running through your hair.

Squatting in front of you so that he's face-to-face with you, he grins.

"Right?"

"No, I wasn't!" You flush beet red, looking away. "Not like this, at least. I was going to head to the inn that we—"

"Ha! Smells like a lie if I've ever heard one," Uzui says as he stands, leaving you to face his crotch once more as you complain loudly. "I'm certain you did this because you wanted to get a little edge off beforehand. Didn't you?"

You open your mouth and mutter something at him when you hear Rengoku call out from behind the wall.

"Come now, Tengen, let's not harass the poor girl any further. What if she had intended for something like this to happen before we were to meet up with her?"

Then you feel a little pat on your bottom, to which you huff in annoyance.

“Yeah?” Sanemi asks. “Is this what you wanted? For us to fuck you out here in the open?”

“N-No!” You stammer, annoyed and frustrated beyond belief. “What if someone comes around and sees us?”

Damn you for easily giving in to what these three knuckleheads were up to whenever you went drinking with them. When it came to working, each of them proved their intelligence and strength, but off work? Just any regular set of men who enjoyed drinking and fucking about.

Sure, you had planned to fuck about (with them) afterward, but—

“C’mon, we can get this over and done with now, don’tcha think?”

Behind the wall, you feel a hand rest on your ass. It’s significantly gentler than the previous ones that had been yanking at your belt and belt straps to dislodge you from the wall, so you know it’s Rengoku.

It’s embarrassing how such a contrast in touch can send a shiver down your spine, primarily when you know all three of them cater to your needs in the same way you do for them. To have you pick between your sexual partners is practically difficult. Still, each of them working in their own way (and frequently, together) is entirely different.

“Is that what you want?” Rengoku asks.

You open your mouth to say something and end up closing it. Then opening again.

“Well... I wouldn’t mind, but it’s e-embarrassing!” You flounder, hands moving down at an angle to prop them against the wall for more upper-body support. “What if someone sees us?”

Sanemi snickers. “Everyone else is fuckin’ drunk, don’t worry about it; they’re out there wagering bets over wrestling. They won’t notice. Besides, we can get finished real quick.”

“Quickshot,” Uzui mutters, a grin more than evident in his tone of voice.

“And what about for later?” Rengoku asks, hand moving to your hip to give you a little squeeze. “At the inn or hotel?”

You sigh. “I’ll see how I feel later.”

The three hum in unison. They would never push you too far, especially if you’ve made your disinterest or discomfort known.

“Can you make it quick?” You mutter, heat flushing from your scalp to your neck.

“Say less,” Sanemi mutters.

Uzui gets to it, undoing his trousers and pulling out his cock.

Now even half-hard, he's big.

It makes sense, and then it doesn't. You've heard that big, bulky men somehow have below-average to average-sized penises. Still, then again— Uzui Tengen is also incredibly tall. You don't exactly consider the Stone Hashira to be a proper unit of measurement since he is an outlier on any current statistic regarding height, but Uzui? Uzui is tall, so it only makes sense that he's hefty.

Swallowing down a lump of saliva, you stare at the large hand stroking himself into total hardness. It's always such a difficult feat to deal with his cock, which probably explains the reason why he has three wives and is in an open relationship because the man is fucking hung and like many of the other Hashira, has the stamina of a racehorse.

A whole fucking thoroughbred stallion, you think to yourself as you lick your lips.

It doesn't take long for him to get completely hard, and you feel your trousers being unbuttoned and pulled down over your hips to your mid-thigh. The air is relatively chilly, and if you hadn't been enthralled by watching Uzui's thick fingers slide up and down his cock, you would have been embarrassed with the dampness between your bared legs.

Uzui scoots a bit forward, bending just a bit at the knees so he can be on a better level with your face.

"Spit on it," he orders.

So you do so, a glob of your shimmery saliva falling from your tongue and onto the pink tip of his dick. He grunts, fingers slicking up his veiny cock to mix with some of the pre that had been pearling along the slit. You swallow hungrily, parting your mouth and sticking out your tongue to get the message across.

"What a shameless, slutty display," he remarks as he cants his hips forward, letting you taste the salty liquid at his tip. "It's amazing how you chose this profession instead of being a common whore. You would do well at an actual brothel."

You groan, your body shivering at your initial desire being sated, tasting the former shinobi on your velvety muscle. Doing your best in the angle you're in, you tilt your head a little, running your tongue along the shaft and leaning down to rub against his heavy balls. The thick cock rests a bit against your face as you lick and suck against him, a low and throaty groan escaping the man.

"Oh fuck—" You gasp, pulling away a bit when you feel two calloused fingers rub and prod at your hole.

A pair of hands are pulling your ass cheeks apart, and you vaguely wonder what position the other two are in, but you can't find it in yourself to care too much. You can't bother all that much since Uzui's painted fingers are in your hair, urging you to continue servicing his cock.

So you run your tongue along the base, kissing and sucking as fingers rub against your clit. You can tell that it's Sanemi – it's relatively hurried and eager, wanting you to get just wet enough so you can– fuck, so you can take how he's sliding two fingers into your cunt.

“Fuck, you're wet,” he remarks, and you gasp against Uzui's cock when you feel a harsh slap on your backside. “You wanted this, huh? Wanted us to fuck you out here in public where anyone could see you.”

You pull away, wanting to say something snarky at the annoying, condescending man. Still, all attempts at forming a good comment disappear when Uzui shoves the tip of his fat cock into your mouth. It effectively muffles any complaints you would have aired, along with the needy moans that wish to rise to the surface with how Sanemi is pumping his fingers in and out of your pussy.

The pads of calloused fingertips rub against your clit, and you twitch, body trying to pull away and yet move towards the source of pleasure. You know that that's Rengoku, and you feel a pair of lips press against the ass cheek that hadn't been slapped.

“That's a good girl, open up for us,” the Flame Hashira urges you, and your hands move away from where they had been attempting to prop your torso up against the wall.

The action makes your ass push upwards a little, your upper body leaning slightly forward. It pushes more of Uzui's cock into your mouth, and both of you groan, your tongue rubbing along the sensitive underside. The position and current predicament you're in keep you from having more possibilities of moving around, even in the ways that you wish to service them. You have to get used to letting them simply use you.

In previous romps with the men, you would be what some would call a power bottom, eager to ride them, chase your own high, stroke them off, and fuck your throat with their cocks. You know what to do to get them off, and you'd do it for hours on end, sweat dripping down your hickeyed body until you couldn't anymore. Then they'd take over and fuck you until they were spent.

In this situation, you can do practically nothing but take and whine. The latter also proves to be relatively tricky since Uzui's also taken to slowly fucking your mouth.

Your lips stretch thin around the tallest Hashira's cock, the upper tier tucking over your teeth and tongue out to prevent scraping against him. Drool coats him thoroughly, and you can't help how your eyes start to water along with your nostrils from how he slowly makes your breathing more difficult.

He barely reaches the halfway point when he holds himself in your mouth. You can still breathe like this, but he keeps himself like that. So you start to move your head back and forth to the best of your ability, hollowing your cheeks and making sure to suck at the exact time you know will get his eyes rolling to the back of his head.

A shudder runs down your spine when the fingers in your cunt get pulled out and the fingers toying with your sensitive clit are removed. You stop moving along Uzui when you feel something warmer and more significant than two fingers pushing against your opening.

Inhaling through your nose, you move to pull your head off Uzui's cock so you can moan and breathe, but that's tossed out the window when the shinobi pushes his cockhead against the ring of muscle that leads to your throat.

The girth starts to slide into you so easily and smoothly that your eyes roll to the back of your head. But it keeps going in, and your eyes widen, a startled sound escaping you, but you can't pull away. Uzui's fingers tangle in your hair, keeping you in place as the cock filling your cunt pushes in forward, forward, *forward* until your hips press against your ass. The tip is pressed flush against your cervix, and you let out a muffled moan.

Fingers ball into fists as tears well up hot and stinging in your eyes. Uzui groans, the vibration from your stifled noises sending shivers down his spine. You inhale hot through your nostrils, fighting to breathe, and that's all that's bestowed upon you because both sides start to move.

Uzui doesn't let up or pull out that much as he begins to actually face-fuck you this time, every now and then, the heavy tip sliding into your throat and bumping against the back.

"Oh fuck, oh— fuck! Taking it so well, you're so good, you're so so *so* good."

The cock in your pussy starts to move in and out evenly in deep, intentional thrusts. You know it's Rengoku. He has a dick slightly longer than Sanemi's, one that Uzui had joked and commented is meant for insemination. Makes sense, considering the obvious breeding sentiments handed down through the Rengoku line. It also curves a little to the side, scraping against your tight pussy as he fucks you in measured slides from tip to root, tip to root.

It feels so good, and you can only imagine how Sanemi is stroking himself off to watching Rengoku fuck you from behind.

The Flame Hashira's hands spread your ass cheeks, your currently-untouched hole clenching around nothing as he slides his cock in and out of you.

"So tight, so good for us," the blonde comments, his palms squeezing you as he speeds up just a little. "Your pussy always feels so wonderful around my cock. I want to taste you and how sweet your cunt is."

Your legs twitch at the building intensity as each slide ensures the complete length of his cock. It has the tip bumping against your cervix in time with his heavy balls slapping against your clit, and it's such a perfect sensation that balances pain with pleasure.

"You gotta hurry up," Sanemi tells him, to which Rengoku laughs. "I'm not kiddin'. Someone might come."

"Wait your turn, you impatient raccoon," Uzui chides. "No one's coming around. You might, though. Way before your time, at that."

Sanemi barks out an expletive insulting his mother, to which Uzui simply laughs.

The man isn't one to talk, not when he's robbing you of your own ability to speak. The other hand that isn't in your hair cups your throat, thumb stroking the skin as he keeps your head in place.

"Alright, relax your throat for me. I'm about to fuck it," he orders (warns) you. "Brace yourself for this impressive showmanship, my sweet girl."

So you do so, elongating your neck against his palm and relaxing to the best of your ability.

Thank goodness for the warning, you think to yourself as he pushes in as far as he can possibly go, the heavy tip pushing into your throat. You choke around him and thrash instinctively as manicured fingers pinch your nose. It forces you to swallow around him, eliciting a hearty groan from the large man as you convulse from the pressure and lack of air.

He keeps you there for several seconds, leaving you in the dark as Rengoku continues to fuck in and out of your pussy in his measured strokes. You're going to go insane, and you're going to die, impaled on their cocks and stuck in a wall.

Then Uzui pulls out abruptly from you, leaving you to choke and sputter and gasp around nothing. For a moment, you catch your breath, cunt squeezing like a vice around the other Hashira to the point where he takes a moment for himself and then—

And then Uzui's back in your mouth, pistoning and fucking your throat like his own life depends on it. You want to scream but can't because you can faintly hear the growling noise behind the wall as Rengoku speeds up his full thrusts. It's so much there's so much pressure on both sides, and even as the blonde's hands hold onto your waist for leverage, you feel a familiar rough thumb press against your clit, and you're gone.

It hits you like a ton of bricks as you convulse, throat and cunt clenching around the cocks ravaging you. Tears stream down your face as pleasure crashes into your nervous system, sending shocks of electricity running through your body. You inhale and sob, trembling around the two as Sanemi continues to rub, winding you through the aftershocks of your orgasm.

Rengoku rubs your ass soothingly, giving you a pat. Uzui pulls out from your mouth to provide a moment to catch a good breath of air. Spit falls from your lips as you try and swallow, inhaling profoundly and shuddering when Rengoku pulls out from you.

You stick out your tongue, letting Uzui rub the tip against the soft pad as you still do your best to even out your breathing.

As your cunt still twitches, you make a surprised noise as you feel what is definitely Sanemi step up and take the spot where his companion had been previously. Scarred, rough palms spread your ass cheeks and you shiver when you feel spit land on your tight hole.

"*Nemi —*" You croak out when you feel him rub his thumb against your slightly damp asshole, and croon as he pushes the pad to spread the muscles a little. "Fuck..."

“Mmm. Look at this *slutty* little set of holes. Been too long of a time since I last fucked you in the ass,” he grunts, rubbing against your puckered entrance. “When we get to the inn, I’m gonna fuck you here.”

You know they aren’t stupid enough to fuck your ass without a proper lubricant, but some saliva and a finger wouldn’t hurt. Not too much.

Then Sanemi is pushing his cock into your pussy..

In comparison to Rengoku, he’s thick. He may be a little on the slightly average size in terms of length, but his girth is always something that needs some prep. The bulbous tip holds your pussy lips open as he pushes in the rest as though the wideness of his dick isn’t that much of a feat. It absolutely is with the way it stretches you open to make way for the rest of him.

You gasp, mouth hanging open when he seats himself deep, his balls pressing tight against you.

Uzui takes advantage of that, reintroducing your mouth with his cock as he starts to fuck your throat again.

“Ohhhhh, *fuck*. Fuck, look at that, taking my big cock in your mouth so well, we’ve trained you so *so* well, haven’t we?” Uzui croons, stroking your cheek. “Such a brilliant show of sluttiness, just for us, just for us to ruin.”

Tears stream down your cheeks as Sanemi picks up his usual pace – brutal and quick.

You can only imagine what he looks like right now, incensed with having to wait and being in a public area where anyone could possibly see them. He takes it out on your cunt, barely pulling out and slamming back in. If you could see what your cunt looks like stretched around his girth, you’d see how the slightest sliver of your sweet insides get pulled out with him, only for it to get pushed back as he fucks his cock into you.

A tight hole paired with a fat cock is a match made in hell, so he reaches around with his hands. Spreading your ass as wide as he can possibly get extends your pussy a bit more, allowing him to plow into you with wild abandon. It’s so rough, so much, and so perfect as he fucks you, leaving you to groan and cry helplessly around the fat cock that’s abusing your mouth.

Uzui makes good on the way that he’s fucking your throat, and his hands wander down to unbutton the front of your slayer uniform. You squirm a little as he bares your tits to the evening air, the sensitive nipples hardening from the coldness. Your cunt clenches around Sanemi as Uzui pinches one of your buds before giving your tits harsh slaps.

It’s so much and so good.

Your senses are on fire with how they’re touching you, invading your cunt, throat, and taste buds. It’s so loud, the sloppy sounds of both your ends being filled up over and over again.

“Yeah? You like that? Fuck, of course you do, you dirty little whore, you love gettin’ fucked by us, don’t you,” Sanemi growls, his thrusts speeding up so much that you twist your body to the best of your ability.

Call it natural instinct or self-preservation, you’re not sure, but you do love it as much as he’s ravaging your cunt like he wants to destroy you.

“Take it, take it– Fuckin’ *take* it, slut,” he grunts, giving your ass such rough slaps that it has you shaking on him. “Oh fuck, that’s it, that’s fuckin’ it, takin’ it so so so good. Yeah, yeah–”

And then he angles his hips.

You scream around Uzui, tears streaming down your face again in hot little rivers because Sanemi’s fat cock is pushing up against that sweet spot of yours. It’s so much, and then Rengoku’s fingers are rubbing along the seam of your split-open cunt, trailing along to toy at your clit, and then you’re gone. Again.

Compared to the previous man in your sex, Sanemi doesn’t let up when you cum. It seems as though Uzui is influenced by this as well.

They simply speed up, fucking you faster, harder through the waves of pleasure that drown you.

You have no choice but to keep up with it, allowing yourself to succumb to the pleasure of being used as a toy stuck in a wall. Overwhelming in every aspect, you allowed yourself to be taken away by the climax that seemed to keep building into something more and more.

Uzui continues face-fucking you, the humiliating noise of *gluckglurkgluckgluckglack* filling the air on one side of the wall as you’re on edge with your breathing.

On the other side, your cunt is noisy around the fat intrusion molding you into Sanemi’s shape, along with the slap of his balls and hips against your body.

As Sanemi continues his firm grasp of both hands on your ass cheeks, your eyes blink open in shock as you feel more spit and Rengoku’s fingers rub against your hole.

Thrill and excitement and danger run through your body, tempering out any rationale or common sense as more spit and viscous liquid dribbles onto your hole. It’s a familiar feeling that you know to be actually lubricant. If you didn’t have a cock rubbing along your throat, you would have laughed that these assholes came ready, but you’re about to have your own asshole be stretched. And in a public area, at that.

Two fingers push into your asshole, and you actually raise your hands to try and grasp at something – at Uzui’s pants, your own hair, anything–

The digits slowly push in and out of your ass compared to how Sanemi’s and Uzui’s cocks are wrecking you. Your stomach clenches, unintentionally tightening your pussy. Your ass is

loosened up, and a third finger pushes in. The fingers don't thrust that much— they can't, considering the unforgiving pace that Sanemi refuses to back down from.

“Come on, Sanemi,” Rengoku practically purrs. You sob. You know precisely what the man is doing to the white-haired Hashira, and the blonde pushes his fingers further into your asshole. You scream around Uzui's cock.

“I know you want to cum in her ass.”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck—!” Sanemi hisses, pulling out abruptly from your cunt.

Your holes twitch as Rengoku pulls his fingers out. Behind the wall, you can hear Sanemi's hand slicking along his cock before he pushes in just to the tip. You thrash a bit, sobbing as Uzui pulls out of your mouth forgivingly.

“C'mon, bitch, loosen up,” Sanemi growls, hips pushing back and forth as he pushes in halfway.

Your body doesn't seem to listen, so he simply fucks you with that, making you sob as he uses his hand to stroke the rest of his cock.

“Fuck, it's— it's big, you— you— *fuck* , I'm—” You sputter, a disgusting mix of drool and pre stringing from your cock-swollen lips. Uzui catches it with the tip of his cock, smearing it around your mouth and against your cheek. “Mmmmm— *ngh* —”

Sanemi pulls out, then thrusts back in. Then pulls out just a bit and thrusts back in.

Then he's fucking you, fucking you so roughly, so fast that Uzui has to plug your mouth again with his length to keep you from alerting everyone in the premises of the present situation. Haggard breathing and wet slaps and grunts come from the white-haired Wind Hashira, and then he's slamming into you with such ferocity once, twice, and stills and your eyes roll back into your head—

—and then you feel liquid heat coating you inside several times, his cock twitching inside you. You shiver, body finally relaxing even as Sanemi grips your ass with such bruising strength that you know you'll have finger-shaped marks tomorrow.

Uzui pulls out of your mouth, and you inhale wetly. You cough a few times and shiver when Sanemi removes his flagging dick from your wrecked hole, his spend trickling down to your swollen lips.

A gasp escapes you as you're filled up in your pussy again, squealing as Rengoku starts to fuck you. While he still thrusts in a way that removes him to the tip, only to slide back to the hilt, it is with a tenfold ferocity. Maybe it had been with how he had been watching you take Sanemi's cock in both holes, but he seemed to be more eager, more intense.

“Oh god, oh yes! *Yes* !”

You don't notice how Uzui steps away, hopping over the wall as Rengoku thoroughly uses your cunt. Eyes rolling to the back of your head, you cry out wordlessly as an extra pair of

hands spread you and keep you open. The blonde fucks into you, hips pistoning back and forth as his long cock spears you repeatedly. The tip batters against your poor cervix, sending tremors through your abdomen in short sparks of cramps.

“Take it. *Take* it!. Take my cock.”

Two fingers push into your cum-filled asshole, and two more rubs against your clit, and you have to slap your hands over your mouth to keep yourself silent.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes yesyesyesyesyes yes !” Rengoku snarls out, hips pounding against your reddened ass cheeks before he pushes himself as far as he possibly can. It’s so much, the pressure on your deepest, most sensitive wall a numbing pleasure as you’re on your tippy toes.

“Mmmfth-!”

The man cums hard, groaning and grunting as hot spurts of his cum flood your cunt. You sob and do your best to catch your breath, body twitching from oversensitivity as the messy-haired man keeps himself there for a few more moments.

The calm lasts for a bit, but the fingers pull away from touching you, and Rengoku pulls out of you.

So you lay there for a bit, twitching and whining and whimpering, body exhausted. There are practically hearts in your eyes from the way that they’ve used your pussy and asshole and mouth and—

—And speaking of mouth.

A shriek escapes you as the top portion of the wall that had been preventing your escape gets lifted and thrown off. It’s like a pillow holding you, yet the thud it makes when it lands says otherwise.

You’ve half a mind to scramble upwards, but your body thinks otherwise. After all, holding that position for quite a while had been a little disorienting, and you stumble back.

To your own surprise and delight, you’re caught by a pair of hands, one that had been in your hair previously.

It doesn’t take much for you to be lifted up and lowered down onto the largest cock you’ve had to deal with. You want to scream, want to scream out the names of the men that have been and still are pleasuring your body, but you shouldn’t.

And, well, you can’t because you can barely make a sound at this point. Your throat had been fucked to exhaustion, and any other moans prior had ruined you.

So you have no choice but to soundlessly sob and cry as he fucks you from behind, his incredibly long and girthy cock filling up your cunt. He can’t push himself in, considering that he’s longer than Rengoku, so a few inches of him have to hang out.

But what he *can* fuck you with, *god* does he *fuck* you with.

He slams in as far as your pussy can allow, the fat cockhead bumping each time against your cum-plastered cervix over and over again.

You simply hang there, feet practically off the ground as the man uses you like a sleeve, a ragdoll he quickly lifts and moves back and forth. It's so effortless for him, and you convulse on his dick, the action causing you to tighten up. He huffs and pants, muttering half to himself.

"Taking me so well, look how naughty you are— your whoreish pussy taking your man's meaty prick like you were made to do so," he grunts. "Shinazugawa's seed is leaking from your asshole down to your cunt. I wonder who will get you pregnant?"

The words send you over the edge, and you don't know whose hand reaches up to cover your mouth to prevent any possible sounds from escaping.

When you come down from your high, you gasp in through your nostrils, the hand still there as Uzui pulls out. His cock must be so wet from your arousal and Rengoku's cum, and he's pushing into your ass.

You thrash, body strung tight like a line, ready to snap when the man's massive girth manages to make its way in. It's so much, so big, and you have no idea what in the nine hells is happening besides that your brain cannot register any semblance of pain.

Uzui reaches down, hands under your thighs as he holds you up, your back against his chest and legs spread wide for the other two.

"So good, so good," you purr, drool dripping down your chin. "I want cock, please, fuck me, make me cum again on your dick, please."

"Fuck," Sanemi mutters, watching your dazed expression and the way your tongue lolls out when he pulls his hand away. "Fucking broke her little brain, Tengen. The bitch practically has hearts in her pretty eyes."

The shinobi laughs, the sound surprisingly not as loud as he would usually do.

"What a dazzling display," the Sound Hashira comments. "Albeit her stamina has run out, I must admit she is taking it like a champion!"

Rengoku agrees.

"She is doing so well!" He hums, running a palm along your thigh. "Doing so well for us. That's it! That's our girl."

They manage to wring out the nth orgasm from you as Uzui ruins your asshole with his gigantic cock. The hefty girth fills you up, your body forever to be destroyed for any other individual who would want to fuck you the way he is. Each time he thrusts up, it is so wholly that his balls press against your cheeks with how completely you are taking him. It's so prominent in you that your belly has a visible bulge.

Sanemi has his hands on your tits, squeezing and groping as he sucks bruises into the soft flesh of your chest. Skilled fingers pinch at your pebbled nipples, tugging on them and making your cunt clench. The man gives your breasts several harsh slaps, earning pleased sounds from your drooling lips.

Rengoku is kneeling shamelessly, fingers in your leaking cunt to stopper up whatever of his cum is left inside. His tongue rubs at your clit, sucking and licking as he comments about how sweet and delicious you are.

When you cum, it isn't a pretty sight.

It's shameless with cries, their names too lengthy and complicated for your sweet little fucked-out brain to take to the tongue lolled out from your mouth. Your body shakes and trembles as the three Hashira work to wring out the last tremors of pleasure from you.

You're carefully pulled off and let down by Uzui, settling you into a half-seated heap on the ground. Both your pussy and asshole clench and gape around nothing, the feeling uncomfortable after having been fucked into such a headspace that's got you reeling and needy.

But you look up at the three of them, all busy stroking themselves off.

You're in a weird state of mind. Still, you know enough that you want this, that this is what you want – to service Rengoku Kyojuro, Uzui Tengen, and Shinazugawa Sanemi.

So you wobbly kneel, tongue sticking out as you cup your tits.

You can't tell where you want to look between gold, red, and violent irises, so you close your eyes.

"Please," you whisper out, voice hoarse and practically inaudible.

But they hear it.

Grunts and low groans fill the air as streaks of cum paint your eyelids, nose, cheeks. Some of their spunk lands on your tits, hair, and some onto your uniform. Once the shower of hot liquid stops, you carefully peek open an eye, tongue drawing in to swallow the salty cum. You lick your lips of more seed, fingers wiping up whatever you can catch from your chest and cheek before cleaning that too.

"Oh my fucking God, that was disgusting and amazing all at once," Uzui remarks.

"Fuck," Sanemi breathes shakily, thumb rubbing over his damp slit.

Rengoku chuckles, voice a bit raspy. "Fuck indeed."

The four of you freeze up, your fingers balling into fists as you notice a familiar presence watching you. Your heads all slowly turn to the side, only to fall upon a black-haired man. One that's usually (read: always) uninvited to drinking parties and celebrations.

“Did you just destroy company property?”

As he takes a step forward, the three of them aren't sure if Tomioka Giyuu means the wall or you.

End Notes

y'all.

sighs and leans back in my office chair

i have never written an actual threesome before but you know what. my brain was like ok OK OK O KO KO KOK IMAGIEN **THIS** . imagine being stuck in a wall and fucked. that was basically it and then the next train of thought brought the stupid gang (uzui/nemi/kyo) into the mix so i was like who am i to deny. mmmi was heavily debating a dp between the 3 but like im too lazy for that thanks

AND THANKS FOR READING THIS FAR i hope you all have a great day

pls dont forget to comment and leave kudos!! those mean the world to me

[illegible]

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